

# OUIMET'S OWN STORY OF HIS WONDERFUL GOLF VICTORY

## AMERICAN YOUTH NEVER LOST HOPE OF WINNING HIGHEST HONOR AT GOLF

Realized From the Start That Vardon Was the Man He Must Beat—Champion Says His Ten-Year-Old Caddy's Encouraging Words Helped Him Throughout.

On his front porch overlooking the sixteenth tee of the Brookline links Francis Ouimet yesterday morning committed what he jokingly said was his first offense against the newspapers when he sat down and dictated to *The Evening World* his own story of how he won the National golf title, his impressions of the historic match and his decision to remain an amateur.

By Francis Ouimet.

(Winner of 19th Open National Golf Title of the United States.)

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co., The New York Evening World. BROOKLINE, Mass., Sept. 22.—Days before the national championship was to be played amateurs and professionals could be seen playing around the Country Club course in practice.

The scores as a rule ranged from a 69 to about 77, and at this stage of the game it certainly looked as if there would be several scores under 80 at the conclusion of the tournament.

On Tuesday the first half of the players took part in the qualifying round. A score of 164 was thought most likely to qualify. Vardon led every one, although I caused a surprise by leading for eighteen holes, with 151 for a total. When all finished and had turned in their cards it was found that 170 qualified, an extremely high score. To the surprise of most every golfer playing, George Simpson, who was tied for the championship in 1911, failed to get in. This was the first setback. All the other favorites were well inside.

Wednesday the second half was played, and the quality of golf was very much better. An Englishman, Ray, had the best score. So far it was all Great Britain, but the American professionals seemed to take things easy, being satisfied to qualify. It became noticeable at this point that the competitors in general were having great difficulty on the putting greens, which were lightning fast.

**America Handed Severe Shock on Thursday.**

Thursday the championship started. The day was an ideal one for low scoring and right off the bat America was handed a severe shock. Harry Vardon and Wilfred Reid, shooting a total of 167 for two rounds, were leading the field. Ted Ray was two strokes behind, due to a fine 70 on the second day. MacDonald Smith and Alex Ross scored 71's apiece in the morning, but fell back later in the day. However, they were well up with the leaders. Tom McNamara scored a useful 73 in the morning, but everything went against him in the afternoon and a miserable 84 resulted. "King" Brady did not quite live up to expectations, either, totaling 157. So much for the first day.

Friday morning was very wet, rain falling most of the day. This was a decided advantage to the foreigners, because being used to wind and rain they were almost sure to score well and then again the putting greens became much slower and easier to putt on.

A 75 by Ray and 78 by Vardon brought these two players together with 225 for a total. Reid fell off badly and was eliminated then and there as a possible contender for the chief honors by doing a very poor 85. Barnes and Hagen were two strokes behind the leaders at this stage, but being one of the last to finish in the morning and scoring a 74 I pulled myself into a three-cornered tie with the Englishmen.

Then things looked quite bright to me for as I started my last round Ray was just finishing with a grand total of 304. Vardon came in a little later with the same.

I must get a 75 to win. I played badly to the turn, making a 43 and needed a 3 coming in to tie. I must say that things looked pretty black after the tenth hole because this short but tricky hole cost me a 5 and the loss of at least two very valuable strokes.

I still had hopes that I would get down in one putt on two of the next eight holes. My first opportunity came on the thirteenth hole and I holed a three there which helped very much. Par flares on the next two holes brought me to the sixteenth hole. This hole measures 160 yards and I confidently expected a two here. I missed the two and holed out in a three left me with two holes to play and I must get a three on one of them. A drive and pitch to the second green left me with a fifteen foot putt for my three. I studied the putt carefully and putting for the back of the hole my ball never hesitated for a moment, but dropped in nicely. I shall never forget the sweet music that ball made as it rattled into that hole rim.

A 4 on the last hole brought me into the tie which was to be played off the next day.

**Great Gallery Followed Men on Play-Off.**

The battle was on. The three of us, Vardon, Ray and myself, started off together shortly after 10 o'clock, with a great gallery following, in spite of the rain. The officials asked the gallery to wait till the finish before applauding, but it was impossible to enforce the request, and time and again during the going-out round the gallery broke into a deafening cheer.

We all got away to good drives, Vardon and myself making the green in 3. Ray's third shot was long and he went to the right. All three of us made good approaches and putted for fives. The tie remained during the second hole, all holing out for 4. Edward Ray fell back one stroke on the third hole, getting a poor position on his third drive, and holed out after two putts in 5, while Vardon and I holed in 4. We three holed out in four on the fourth hole. I had a bit of misfortune on the fifth hole, going out of bounds on my second shot. But by placing my third on the green I holed out in 5, Ray and Vardon each taking fives.

Harry Vardon took the lead over me on the sixth hole, his second shot being dead on the hole and running down in 3. Ray and I had a 4.

Ed Ray pulled up a stroke on the seventh, holing out in 3, to 4 for Vardon and myself.

At this point Vardon had a stroke lead over Ray and myself. We all drove well down the middle of the eighth fairway. All pitched to the green with madders, and, walking toward the hole, one ball was seen to be but twelve inches from the cup. It proved to be mine. It was an easy 3. Then Ray electrified the gallery by running down a most difficult thirty-foot putt for a 3. Vardon holed out in 4, and thus the match was all even. Three fives were made on the long ninth, everybody taking 3 for the first nine holes.

On the short tenth hole both of my opponents pitched to the green. My shot was also on. But by taking three putts to my two the famous foreign golfer was forced to the rear by a stroke. This was increased to two at the twelfth, as I had a 4 against two fives.

The thirteenth was halved in 4 by Ray and myself, but Vardon, holing a fine twelve-footer for a 3, regained one of the lost strokes.

**Felt Vardon Was the Man He Had to Beat.**

Though Ray halved Vardon and me on the fourteenth, I felt that Vardon was the man for me to beat in order to win, as Ray seemed to be playing with great desperation. At this point the gallery, which was the largest I had ever played before, were racing and running ahead of the players, apparently seeking some vantage place to watch every shot. I had great difficulty in keeping my pet caddy, Eddie Laurie, from being trampled upon. He is but ten years old, and I sincerely think that it was his encouraging words more than anything else which had carried me along so well. Throughout the match he kept telling me that I must make a 72 on one round, which I did on my final attempt. Before each shot he would say, "Francis, don't take your eye off of that ball," and I don't think I did once.

Time and again the gallery, running mad as it were, delayed the play. But I never once realized that a soul was following me, so intent was I with what I was doing.

The fifteenth saw the elimination of Ray, practically speaking, as he lost two strokes to Vardon's hole Vardon drove a trifle to the left. I do believe he was trying to coax me to follow him, for a nasty trap awaits a pulled drive.

The middle of the fairway was good enough for me, and my ball landed safely.

### English Newspapers Marvel At Ouimet's Ability and Nerve.

LONDON, Sept. 22.—English golf experts marvel at the victory of Francis Ouimet, the twenty-year-old boy, in the open championship at Brookline. They hardly believe that a youth can possess such ability and gameness.

The only attempt to explain away the British defeat is the suggestion that Ouimet's familiarity with the course gave him an advantage, although the Daily Chronicle, anticipating this excuse, contends that this advantage was more than neutralized by his youth and inexperience, compared with the renowned veterans whom he defeated. The Times has no editorial comment, but the golf correspondent at Brookline telegraphs as follows: "No excuse can be made for the losers. They did their best, but were fairly and squarely beaten by a better man." The Standard in an editorial admits that Ouimet is better than Vardon or Ray, and congratulates the victor heartily. It concludes by saying that the championship was won by strenuous application, no less than physical and intellectual qualities.

The Daily Mail in congratulating the victor says: "Ouimet not only has a genius for the game but also the peculiar nerve and temperament without which genius avails little. All sports from time to time throw up these youthful prodigies. Hilton and Ball were about Ouimet's age when they captured the British championship. All British golfers look forward to seeing and welcoming Ouimet here next year."

Vardon's ball did land in a trap, and Alex Findlay, whom all golfers must know, approached me and said that it was all over.

I managed to pick up two strokes here, and, playing the last hole carefully, I won the championship.

### Felt That He Had Done His Duty.

I felt then that I had done my duty, namely, keeping the trophy and title from going to another country.

Vardon's style of play impressed me greatly, he being a careful player and well versed in the finer points of the game, though having a most unsteady putting stroke.

Ray, on the other hand, is more of a slugger, but a grand golfer. He hits the ball hard, with a slight slice all carry. He putts very well.

I never thought for a moment that it would be I that would have the honor of defeating our illustrious visitors.

I don't think that I shall ever change my amateur standing. I play the game for the pleasure there is in it, and it seems to me that it is too good a game to feel that you must play for money in order to get the full benefits it produces.

### Smith Brothers Win Match Over Vardon and Ray

Harry Vardon and Edward Ray, the famous British golfers, fell before Alex Smith and his brother, Macdonald, in a four-ball match over the links of the Wyke and Country Club. The match was a 3 up and 2 to play for thirty-six holes. It was estimated that fully a thousand persons appeared for the afternoon round, and most of them were present and trucked around in a heavy downpour in the morning.

It should have been an easier match for the Smiths, for the youthful Macdonald "folded his head off" at times. Neither of the Englishmen could stop the progress of the home professionals and it was not until the eleventh hole that Vardon got a four. In the meantime the Smith combination had become five up. Vardon's gain reduced the margin to four and a thirty-

foot putt on the home green by him left the Smiths three up at the end of the first round.

It was then that the Britons came to life. Vardon is not the best putter in the world, though conceded among the best all around players. However, he ran down putts from ten to thirty feet half a dozen times and altogether played the sterling golf of which he is capable. It was Macdonald Smith who ran down a long one for a two at the sixth hole, and it was Vardon who performed similarly at the fifth and tenth. The Smith brothers were only two up at the turn, and that was reduced to one at the next, but the Wyke and Country Club, with its twelfth, and as the remaining holes were halved they became the winners on the sixteenth green.

**Women Play Golf at Memphis.**

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Sept. 22.—Marking a new era in Southern golf circles, the Women's Western Golf Association will hold its 1913 tournament this week on the links of the Memphis Country Club. This is the second time in the history of the association that the annual tournament has been held outside of Chicago.

### Francis Ouimet's Mother Discloses the Secret of His Success at Golf

**Took Up Game Against Her Will—Used to Practice Putting in His Room and on the Front Porch—Fascinated by Game When Only Six Years Old—Became Caddy and Copied Strokes of the Best Players.**

Special to The Evening World.

BROOKLINE, Mass., Sept. 22.—Since Francis Ouimet's memorable victory over the English champion in the play-off for the United States national golf title the natives have been busy explaining the reason for the twenty-year-old youngster's success on the links, but it remained for Mrs. Ouimet to tell the secret of this remarkable ability as a golfer. To an Evening World reporter Mrs. Ouimet, still flushed from her son's victory, told how the new champion began golf against her will, how he caught when but a little tot to learn the game, and his unusual habit of getting up at midnight and practicing putting in his room.

"Francis always was very fond of golf," began Mrs. Ouimet, a little gray-haired woman who has hardly had a club, "but normally he was about 100 pounds and he declares that the Brookline tournament brought him down to about 140, but that he is going right after that lost seed of his own." Ouimet's dislike of too much glimmer was best shown by his performance Saturday, when after winning he refused to take in a shower because he dreaded a celebration. But he lost by his decision, for he was quickly gobbled up by a big reception party and rushed over to Woodland, his home club. Finally he wanted to caddy, and I couldn't stop him. He learned a great deal of the game then. He always tried to pick out the strongest players and follow them around the course. Francis would copy their best strokes and soon began to play a fair game himself.

"I remember that when he was only six or seven years old he would cross the street and sit for hours fascinated by the club members playing their game. Finally he wanted to caddy, and I couldn't stop him. He learned a great deal of the game then. He always tried to pick out the strongest players and follow them around the course. Francis would copy their best strokes and soon began to play a fair game himself."

**OUIMET PRACTISED PUTTING IN HIS BEDROOM.**

"I did everything I could to discourage him from continuing the sport, but his whole heart was in it. Graduating from the grammar schools Francis went to the Brookline High School, but I believe his mind was more on golf than on his books."

During her narrative Mrs. Ouimet was constantly interrupted by callers and the telephone ringing from dozens who wanted to know about Francis and to leave their congratulations. Getting a few minutes of leisure the young champion's mother continued her story and told about a remarkable happening in the Ouimet home about four years ago.

"While Francis was going to high school," said Mrs. Ouimet, "I used to hear noises up in his room at night. Becoming frightened one night I went to his room at midnight expecting to find him sick and was dumfounded to see him on the floor practicing putting. He told me he had often done that. He wanted to try a new touch grip and couldn't wait until morning."

"Another time I was cooking breakfast, was called to the front porch and there was Francis with a putter in his hand knocking the ball up and down. I was very anxious that Francis should continue his schooling, but after two years in the high school he wanted to work and secured a position in Boston, and I guess the rest is pretty well known."

Francis Ouimet, who rose to the front rank of the world's best golfers by a single bound, carries his honors lightly. It would be difficult to find a more unassuming boy than the new national champion. Although anxious to oblige his questioners, Ouimet declines to talk about himself. He modestly says he thinks his future is bright and wants to prepare himself to defeat Jerome D. Travers for the national amateur championship. Of his ability to do this he is very confident, but not boastful.

As a souvenir of his historic victory over Harry Vardon and Edward Ray, the English stars about twice his age, Ouimet displays a left hand badly skinned and split from swinging his club. Ouimet normally weighs about 100 pounds but he declares that the Brookline tournament brought him down to about 140, but that he is going right after that lost seed of his own.

Ouimet's dislike of too much glimmer was best shown by his performance Saturday, when after winning he refused to take in a shower because he dreaded a celebration. But he lost by his decision, for he was quickly gobbled up by a big reception party and rushed over to Woodland, his home club. Finally he wanted to caddy, and I couldn't stop him. He learned a great deal of the game then. He always tried to pick out the strongest players and follow them around the course. Francis would copy their best strokes and soon began to play a fair game himself.

**Disbrow Breaks World's Record.**

DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 22.—On the mile track at the State Fair grounds, Louis Disbrow drove his racing automobile five miles in 24.25. The judges announced this to be a world's record.

### Newark Wins First Pennant

Final Standing in International League.

Club	W	L	PC	Ths	P	PC
Newark	36	21	57	100	40	40
Baltimore	32	25	57	100	40	40
Buffalo	28	29	51	100	40	40
Rochester	28	29	51	100	40	40

Newark is now champion of the International League for the first time on record. The season ended yesterday with the Indians beating the Skeeters, 5 to 4. The championship fight, which has been interesting for the last month since Rochester began a spurt which sent it to within a few points of the

leaders, ended Saturday when Newark clinched the pennant by winning a double-header from Jersey City while Rochester was dropping both ends of a double bill in Toronto. Yesterday's single game between flag winners and tail-enders did not affect the position of any club. The Indians' winning percentage was .625, or 25 points over Rochester, with .507, Baltimore was third and Buffalo, close up, finished fourth. Toronto, last year's pennant winner, had a poor season and finished next to last.

**AMUSEMENTS.**

**AMERICAN.**

**WINTER GARDEN.**

**PASSING SHOW OF 1913.**

**48th St. To-Morrow Night.**

**A New The Smoldering Flame.**

**MAXINE ELLIOTT'S Theatre.**

**Improved Version Better Than Ever.**

**THE LURE.**

**By GEORGE BARNARD SHAW.**

**Greatest Moral Lesson Ever Staged.**

**"Lure" Revised, Very Vital Drama.**

**Alen Dale.**

**LYRIC.**

**THE ESCAPE.**

**CASINO.**

**LIEBER AUGUSTIN.**

**HOPPER.**

**CHRISTIE MACDONALD.**

**LIBERTY.**

**COMEDY.**

**HER OWN MONEY.**

**PLAYHOUSE.**

**THE FAMILY CUPBOARD.**

**BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE.**

**MANHATTAN.**

**Southern & Marlowe.**

**THE WHIP.**

**CORT ROYAL.**

**LAURETTE TAYLOR.**

**What Happened to Mary?**

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